

## FLAT RIVER ITEMS

Elder S. B. McGuire, minister of the Christian church at Elvins will preach here Sunday morning at the Christian church.

Vernon Wallen and Adam Armbruster, who were representing the Rice Land Co. of Kansas City, Mo., left Monday with a delegation of prospective buyers to Pickering, Louisiana.

Misses Nan Bayless and Valk of Bonne Terre were visiting here Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart, were Des Moines visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Turpen of Bonne Terre were visiting the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Hart on last Sunday.

Miss Mary Zolman, of Desloge, was visiting her sister, Miss Gertrude Zolman, Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Higgins, of Flat River on March 16th a fine girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Mart Alexander of Flat River, on February 15th, a fine boy.

Mr. James Benton returned home the latter part of last week after spending several weeks with his parents of Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. James Sutton a former resident of Flat River but now of St. Louis is visiting here this week.

Rev. R. G. Ramsey preached at the Baptist church at Sprott, Mo., last Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Crais was a Farmington visitor Friday.

Professor Clyde Akers has placed several orders with the American Book Co., for the old time blue back spellers, judging from the amount of the inquiries for these books we are led to believe that the spelling match to be given at the high school building will be a great event.

Mrs. Emma Highley, of St. Louis was a Flat River visitor Saturday.

Mr. Bert Moore after spending several weeks with his parents at Perryville, Mo., returned here Monday evening.

Mrs. Sallie Hulsey, of St. Louis is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Prather and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Pitt after spending several weeks with the former's parents at Salt Lake City, Utah, returned to their home Tuesday.

Mrs. Duckworth and daughter, Dortha, of St. Louis are visiting Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Williams this week.

Misses Mary and Phronia Bowers are visiting relatives in Leadwood this week.

Edith Hart and Blanch Beaudin spent Sunday the guests of the former's sister, Mrs. S. S. Turpen of Bonne Terre.

Mrs. A. J. Thompson was a Farmington visitor Friday.

Mr. Geo. Phillips of Desloge was a Flat River visitor Thursday.

Dr. T. L. Haney transacted business in Farmington Friday.

Mr. T. A. Matthews was a business visitor in Farmington Monday.

Mr. R. C. Dechmenny was a business visitor in Leadwood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rehkop and two daughters Vida and Alta of Bonne Terre were visiting relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Weiss of Farmington or guests of their friends and relatives in Flat River.

Mr. Harry Hill of Bonne Terre was a Flat River visitor Sunday.

Messrs. K. Rickard and O. G. Cozcan were Farmington visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Rehkop and son, Meadford, of Bonne Terre were visiting relatives here Sunday.

Mr. H. Horton of Salem visited Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Griffen Wednesday.

Mr. Elmer Beck returned home Friday after spending several weeks with his grandmother, Mrs. McHenry, of Kuli.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Johnson and children of Leadwood spent Saturday and Sunday here with friends.

Mr. S. Talley who has been visiting his daughter Mrs. Thomas Hallbrook and family for the past few months returned to his home in Texas, Wednesday.

Stephen Burk, of Farmington, spent Sunday with his aunt, Mrs. J. H. Tetley.

Mr. W. J. Marshall has been appointed assistant state auditor and will move his family in the near future to Bone Terre. We regret very sincerely to lose these estimable people from our community.

Robert Lloyd, of Farmington was the guest of his aunt, Mrs. M. H. Toppling, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. O. Osage moved his family this week to a farm near Glen Allen.

Mr. Russell Straughn, of St. Louis was a visitor here a few days last week.

Mrs. O. G. Cozcan is on the sick list this week.

Messrs. J. M. Combs, Daw Nichols, and Jeff Hoy were Flat River visitors Sunday.

Misses Tola Rogers and Mary Bowler visited Mrs. Tom Benton of Elvins Sunday.

Misses Blanche and Emma Hayes visited friends and relatives in Bonne Terre Sunday.

Harry Jackson of Desloge was a visitor here Saturday.

Misses Mary and Stella Forshee were Elvins visitors Sunday.

Miss Elezra Conrad and Mrs. Joe Kramelin returned to her home, Friday, after a delightful visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Z. Tucker.

Chris Leach of Festus is a visitor here this week.

Messdames Wm. Johnson, S. S. and W. C. Murrill attended the funeral of Miss Lora Lee Murrill in Farmington Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Smith and son Earl spent Saturday and Sunday with Leadwood relatives.

Miss Eva Wallen spent Saturday and Sunday with her aunt Mrs. Province and friend, Miss Della Mason, of Leadwood.

W. E. Coffey was a business visitor in Farmington Tuesday.

Miss Zella McNew is absent from school this week on account of the illness of her mother.

Mr. W. C. Hawn is on the sick list this week.

Miss Ella Mosier of St. Louis is spending several days with her brother, Mr. W. P. Mosier and family and sister, Miss Marie Mosier.

Miss Mabel Beard returned from Fredericktown Friday where she has spent several days visiting with her friends.

Miss Cora Howell left Sunday for St. Louis to spend a week with friends and relatives.

Miss Golda Poston of Farmington visited friends and relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. F. Hinzman visited in St. Louis Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tucker left Sunday for St. Louis to spend several days and to buy spring goods for their store.

Mr. Geo. Kells of Elvins was a Flat River visitor Sunday.

Mr. Arthur Long of Indiana visited his father Mr. Brad Long Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Joe Durkey of Festus visited friends here Sunday.

C. E. Moyer and daughter Ella, of Marquand were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Knowles this week.

Mrs. Mary McLarney, of St. Louis spent Tuesday and Wednesday the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Johnson and attended the funeral of her niece, Lora Lee Murrill in Farmington.

Mrs. Ollie Behnapp returned Saturday from Bonne Terre where she had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Tom Mitchell and other relatives.

Mrs. Monday Murphy of Farmington and daughter, Mrs. Laura Watson of St. Louis, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. K. Richards Wednesday.

Mr. P. A. Benham of Farmington was a business visitor here Wednesday.

## Notice to Stockmen

Judge E. E. Swink has recently purchased COLONEL, the Registered Percheron Stallion from the party in Arkansas to whom he sold him one year ago and paid a larger price than he did the first time he purchased him on account of his proven breeding qualities.

The Judge says he will conduct one of the best breeding stables in South East Missouri, at his farm one mile north west of Farmington, consisting of a Registered draft Stallion, a large trotting-bred stallion, registered saddle Stallion and Two Great Jacks, Prince Leer, Registered, and Maxwellton, Jr. See bills later.

## No Talk Lost.

"So Kate and Alice are not on speaking terms." "No, but they more than make up for it by what they say about each other."

## Sure Thing.

"Yes," said the boss plumber, as he cranked up, "a buzz wagon is sure expensive, but think how many more times a day I can go back for my tools."

## Why?

Sometimes it seems as if every person who was lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desired to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy person to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions and impressions.—Harper's Weekly.

## Why She Felt Safe.

A little southern girl who had had a quarrel with her sister was very angry and was vowing all sorts of vengeance. Her aunt said to her: "You must not feel that way. Remember, the Bible says, 'Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord.'" The child studied a moment, and then said: "Yes, but you know, auntie, God's a gentleman, and he couldn't do anything to a lady!"

## To the Middle-Aged.

Say to yourself that you are entering upon the autumn of your life; that the graces of spring and the splendors of summer are irrevocably gone, but that autumn weather is often darkened by rain, cloud and mist, but the air is still soft, and the sun still delights the eyes, and touches the yellowing leaves, caressingly; it is the time for fruit, for harvest, for the vintage, the moment for making provision for the winter.—Amelia's Journal.

## The Red Button

BY Will Irwin  
AUTHOR OF  
THE CITY THAT WAS, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
Harry R. Grissinger

COPYRIGHT 1912  
BOBB'S-MERRILL CO.

His good sense reasserted itself; he obeyed. But still his face was red and hard. Then—though Inspector McGee was some minutes in noting it—consciously—a change crossed the countenance of Rosalie Le Grange. Little by little, the life came back. One by one, the lights of her began twinkling in mouth and chin and dimples. And she spoke:

"Martin McGee, you're free to look for that Perez man wherever you want. You won't get him. You'd stand a chance if you had just him on the other side. But you've got me, too. An' you know me! Now, listen. Maybe this is the last talk we'll ever have together, an' I want to put it straight. You're out to send that boy to the electric chair, just like you'd send a piece of stove wood to be burned up in the fire. You ain't thinkin' about anythin' else. I know how you and the District Attorney would put it to the jury. He was committin' burglary—he stabbed his man—he's a dago with no pull—that talk about apoplexy is to laugh. But I ask you private—do you think he deserves it?"

"Well, that's the law, ain't it?" growled McGee. "That's what I'm here for."

Rosalie's heart gave a little jump. But she controlled her expression. He was willing to argue the case—the first skirmish was won.

"The law!" exclaimed Rosalie. "That for your law! Golly, I could carry a 'Votes for Women' banner when I think about it! You men have been makin' the law all these years. An' you've run it on rules—nothin' but rules. Diagrams. Did he do it? All right, hang him. You can't look at things except on the outside. I wish you did have a few women to look at 'em inside an' out. Once in a while one of your cursed juries uses its common sense an' lets a man go when the police evidence is against him. But they don't do it themselves. No, sir! It's their mothers in 'em—"

"That will do," snarled McGee; "this suffragette dope has nothing to do with the case. Where's Perez?"

"Now this Perez," pursued Rosalie, treating the Inspector's anger as though it had not been, "was a darn fool—worst fool I ever saw—as those cute little men generally are. But what was he doin' when Hanska died? Gettin' his own from a crook, the property that belonged to him, in the only way he knew. Suppose it's true he killed Captain Hanska—did you ever see a man that deserved killin' more? Besides, he didn't."

"You aren't swallowing that yarn about apoplexy, are you?" asked Inspector McGee.

"In the first place," said Rosalie, "who knows Margarita Perez better, you that pumped her yesterday afternoon or me that watched her for a month? Me that heard her talk her soul out to her mother an' her lover? I tell you, she told the truth."

"Yes, and how did she know he died of apoplexy? She wasn't there—"

"She didn't know except on hearsay. But I do."

"How?"

"Because, Martin McGee, just because. You know Cleary—I don't mean the sergeant, I mean the Coroner's physician that made the Hanska autopsy. There's some Coroner's doctors I'd trust my life with as soon as any, but Cleary—political appointment—you know. Do you think that Cleary, when they handed him over a man stabbed in the heart, looked any further into the cause? I'm betting, though, that even Cleary must have seen one thing which would have meant something to anybody but a political doctor. I saw it that night. And this Perez—Estrilla—fellow saw it."

"Oh, you've talked to him then?"

"That'll come in later—if you're still listenin' to me. Well, before he knew what I knew, this Estrilla told me that Captain Hanska, after he fell, was bleeding at the nose. I'd seen that, too—when I came into the house ahead of the doctor. Now here's the thing to do," she added, "You call up that Dr. Cleary right now. You see if he didn't notice it an' just walk away from it—"

Inspector McGee, with the air of one who punctures bubbles, opened his telephone.

"Spring double O," he said; and then to Rosalie: "You can listen on the extension if you want to." His voice was formal, and he averted his eyes.

"Dr. Cleary?" inquired the Inspector, "Inspector McGee. Doctor have you your notes on the Hanska case? The autopsy I mean. In your pocket notebook? Well, just one little thing. Did you find any blood on the nostrils?"

"Here's the record," came back Dr. Cleary's voice after a half-minute; "slight bleeding from the nostril caused probably by the fall—"

"That will do," said McGee—wait a second—you didn't perform any autopsy on his head? You didn't look into his brain?"

"What was the use?" came back Cleary's voice, a little definitely. "He

"Now who's lyin'?" said Rosalie Le Grange, as she hung up the telephone. But there was still a snarl in McGee's voice as he spoke:

"You think you can monkey with the law! You! You think you can set crooks loose just as you please and get away with it! It's all very well for you, but look at the fix you're leaving for me. The Hanska case is cleared up. Wade is innocent. We've had the wrong man all the time. That's joke enough on us. But when we find the right one, he gives us the slip. The Big Commissioner will get roasted by the papers and hand it to the Deputy Coroner, and the Deputy will pass the buck down to me, and I'll have to report how it happened. Yes, and I will, too!" he burst out. "I'll tell, all right! Convinced at escape. You know what that means?"

"Is it a felony or a misdemeanor?" asked Rosalie. "I sort of forgot which it was at the time I committed it."

"Look here," said McGee, "you can't bluff me."

"I know I can't," said Rosalie, "an' you can't me, either."

"Come, out with it then—what have you done and why did you do it?"

"As for what I've done," said Rosalie, "telling you I would be spoiling it. Why did I do it? I've answered that. I couldn't trust you or any man alive to let that poor boy off. Apoplexy? You mortified when his sister said it, an' ou'd be shornin' now if you had him here in front of you. They'd laugh him to the chair. I've saved you the necessity of killin' an innocent man. An' I ought to be thanked, not kicked."

"You'll get worse," said Martin McGee; "you'll go up—that's what will happen to you!"

"Now will I," mocked Rosalie, breaking out her dimples, full-blazon, for the first time in two days. "What an awful trick on a lady! Especially when you'll have to do it yourself. You're the only witness—the only person who knows that I promised to deliver Estrilla. You're the only person that's heard me confess I let him get away. So you'll be put on the witness-stand, an' then I'll be put on the stand. An' I'll testify how the New York police were baffled with the real criminals passin' right under their noses twenty times a day, an' how a poor boardin'-house keeper that used to be a medium—just a plain, good old soul—took a hairpin an' got a confession an' made you all fools. My lawyer'll get it in; an' if he don't, the papers will, because I'll tell 'em."

"Marty McGee," she added, "let's get down to cases. You can't do a thing to me that'll help your position at all. I'll go to jail for life an' never tell where Juan Perez has gone. But if you'll listen, I'll show you just how to fix this without trouble for anybody."

Inspector McGee was now playing with a flexible paper-knife, his downcast eyes fixed upon it as he twisted it back and forth.

"How?" he asked in a voice from which the bluster had gone.

Rosalie established herself comfortably in her chair.

"Well, it's a funny thing for us to do—you an' me—tell the truth. Not quite the truth, either; the truth fixed up a little, which is the best kind of a lie that is. Give out what happened—but say your own smartness cleared up the case, not mine. Get Dr. Cleary to certify that he found apoplexy at a more careful autopsy, made after the Coroner's inquest, but that he suppressed the report at the request of the police. You can force him to do that to save his skin; his work is getting careless enough so's one more slip would make his political backers drop him. Say the theory that a man died of apoplexy just when a knife was held at his breast ready for him to fall on it, was so strange an' unusual that you couldn't believe it 'un the beginnin'." So you held Lawrence Wade until you made sure. Say you suspected Miss Estrilla—Miss Perez—from the first, an' learnin' that she was superstitious, had her worked by a police stool-pigeon who played at bein' a professional medium. Say your men listened to the seances, an' broke in at the end an' pulled the whole story out of her. An' if that ain't awful near the truth, I never made up a lie that was."

"I fall to see how that excuses us for lettin' Estrilla—Perez—go," said Inspector McGee, with a stir of sarcasm.

"That point," said Rosalie, "is the best thing I've thought out—the very best. Up to the confession—that's our story—you hadn't the least idea but Miss Estrilla done it all herself. We'd never thought about their changin' clothes. An' when you got the confession, you sent out to arrest him, but he was gone—probably tipped off somehow. How, search me! I haven't thought out a good lie there. Maybe you'll have to invent that yourself. Otherwise it'll just be one of the theories of the New York Police."

"What was the use?" came back Cleary's voice, a little definitely. "He

McGee still looked down at the paper-knife.

"That ain't all," he said; "you fooled me, that's what you did. You made a fool out of me."

At this Rosalie fired. A light came into her eyes that rolled ten years

from her age—the light of anger. A color came into her cheeks that took off another ten—the pink of contempt. "Make a fool of you, Martin McGee! I only made a fool of one person. That's me, Rosalie Le Grange. Who took all the risks in this job? You? Not a bit of it! Me, Rosalie. And what's more, Martin—she paused and gulped; and something came into her face that reduced her to a girl—"who did I do it for? Me, Rosalie? I guess not. What was there in it for me? When this thing broke, I was independent and living my own life—an' a clean, self-respecting life. Do you think I wanted to do it? Well, you can bet not. I started this job mainly 'cause I didn't want to see the fine young fellow Wade go to the chair an' 'cause I didn't want to see that beautiful young thing broken for life—I mean Constance Hanska."

"But after I got into it, I realized that I was workin' more for somebody else than I was for me. And that somebody else was you, Martin McGee. I'd a given it up long ago if I hadn't kept my mind on you. An' I'd become fond of that sick Estrilla woman and of that little brother of hers. But I went right on. Do you suppose I like to do what I did to them? Well, you never made a bigger mistake. I ain't what I used to be. When I brought back her father and mother to trick that poor Miss Estrilla, I just gazed. But after I found that she wasn't guilty, nor him—in a manner of speaking—I had to hand them a square deal just like the rest. I'd done everything I could think of, Martin McGee—but I couldn't kill a man I liked and sympathized with, just to help your career. An' so I done the next best thing. I fixed it so nobody would be involved in it but me. I could have told you, an' persuaded you, maybe, that the right thing was to let Perez get away. But you'd have been my accomplice. You couldn't have gone on the stand an' sworn clean—as you can now—that you had nothing to do with it. I kept you out of it. I'm sure to take my medicine. I never whimpered yet, an' I won't now. An' that, Martin McGee, is why I fooled you!"

Never had words poured so fast from the lips of Rosalie Le Grange. And as they poured, many expressions chased across Inspector McGee's clean-shaven police face.

"Is this the truth, Rose?" he said—and gulped. "Is it the truth?"

"It's the truth if anybody ever told it," she replied.

He was on his feet now; she rose also.

"You're a wonder of the world," he said.

"I always maintained that!" she replied, her old self dancing in her dimples.

Martin McGee never understood why his defenses fell all at once, why his arms, working as though in defiance of his will, encircled Rosalie Le Grange.

When, a month before, Martin so exploded in her presence, Rosalie had wrenched herself away. If she lay unresisting in his arms now, it was because she had seen his face. And Rosalie Le Grange knew above all things how to read faces. She yielded her waist, but not yet her lips.

"Martin," she asked softly, "is this on the level?"

"It's on the level, Rose. Rose, I don't care—for anything. I want you to marry me!"

The doorkeeper had been told not to disturb Inspector McGee. We will join the doorkeeper. It seems more tactful. Let us merely glance in on them ten minutes later. They are seated again; and McGee is patting her hand, ponderously but yet softly. Rosalie's eyes, usually so big and grave—in such contrast with her smiles and her dimples—are shining as we have never seen them shine before.

"How did it come," asked Martin, "that you could ever take to a great big cow of a fellow like me?"

The mischief danced in her dimples. "Because you're so big an' muttish-headed!" she said. Then the dimples went away, and the eyes again reigned over her expression. "Because you're a real man, Marty. Because you've plugged ahead and done things, an' because you're a brute, too, I guess. It ain't good for a man to be too kind an' smart. That's for the woman—that's any part in this combination. An' besides, the way your hair grows in front is cute."

"Aw, cut that out, Rosalie—this is a case of infinite tenderness as a tone as playful as compare with the

nity or an inspector.

And—but we had better rejoin the doorman.

Only we should glance in just once more. Inspector McGee, as though struck with a sudden humorous idea, is saying:

"It's funny, Rosie—here we've got engaged—and I don't know your real name!"

"That's how I'm sure you love me, Martin. When folks are in love, they don't ask no questions. Well, it's Rose Granger, if you've got to know, born Smith. A widow—sod, not grass. I married Jim Granger. He was no good, but I cared for him till he died. You've got thirty years or so—because I sense we'll both live long—to listen to what Jim Granger did to me. We've other things to talk about first, Marty, you haven't given me an engagement present."

"You'll get a diamond solitaire as soon as I can beat it up-town!" said Martin.

"Somethin' else first. I want you to fix it so the New York Police Department makes an awful bluff at findin' Juan Perez—an' never looks in the right place."

"I guess I can promise that," laughed Inspector McGee.

"An' for a weddin' present," pursued Rosalie, "I guess you can see that this poor sister never gets put through."

"That's easy, too," replied McGee. "Say—now that everything is fixed up, where's that Estrilla-Perez person, anyhow? What did you do with him?"

"That information is goin' to be my weddin' present to you," responded Rosalie Le Grange.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

## "Popple."

In some English dialects "pobble or popple" (for it is variously spelt and pronounced), seems to mean a large pebble (A.S. papul). The same word survives today among sea-faring men, who talk of a "popple" sea, meaning a "choppy sea"—one the surface of which is agitated with innumerable "lumpy" waves. On the other hand, there is an old English word "popple" meaning "poplar," which is in use today in some parts of Canada. Evidently the word as it stands is of considerable interest, and of double derivation and meaning.

## Raw Recruit's Mistake.

Pat had joined the navy, and was being drilled with his shipmates on a pier. "Fall in!" came the order. Immediately Pat fell into the water. "Two deep!" was the next order. Pat (spluttering in the water)—"Bad scan to ye! Why didn't yiz tell me it was too deep before Oi fell in?"—Syracuse Herald.

## The Surrender.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted fifty years." "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

## Tompkins and Tennyson.

Kindly Hostess (to nervous reciter who has broken down in "The Charge of the Light Brigade")—"Never mind, Mr. Tompkins, just tell us it in your own words."—Punch.

## Injustice.

Enthusiastic Dancer—"And to think there's no Nobel prize for tangoing!"—Simplicissimus.

## TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas Chas. T. Lewis by his certain deed of trust dated the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1910, and recorded in the Recorder's office of St. Francois county, Missouri, in book 91, at page 74, conveyed to J. H. Tetley, as trustee, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the county of St. Francois, and State of Missouri, to-wit:

A part of the Northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Section II, Township 36 North, Range 5 East described as follows: Beginning at the Southwest corner of the Northeast quarter of the Southwest quarter of said Section II, running thence North 750 feet to a stone from which bears two witness trees; one a Hickory 12 inches in diameter, South 37 degrees, East 38 feet; second a Hickory 10 inches in diameter North 79 degrees, West 28 feet, thence North